THE

Pilgrim's Viaticum:

OR, THE

DESTITUTE, but not FORLORN.

BEING

A DIVINE POEM,

Digested from

MEDITATIONS

UPON THE

Holy Scripture.

By *ELIZ. TIPPER.*

Oh how love I thy Law! It is my Meditation all the Day, Psal. 119. *Ver.* 97.

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UMI

TO THE

Right Honourable and Renownedly Vertuous,

THE

Lady COVENTRY.

MADAM,

THE Corruptions of this Age are so strangly increased and complyed with, that few complain of them as *Temptations*; but, with a Modish Curiosity, rather affect them as things fashionable; so that to rebuke Vice boldly, requires more Courage than our Sex usually pretend to; and not to fall in with it, looks like a piece of Singularity.

But, thanks be to GOD, that *Piety* and *Virtue* have still a good Name in the World; and there are some *Illustrious Persons*, who, by their great Examples, give them Countenance, and a just Patronage. Hence it is I address Your *Ladyship* for Sanctuary, knowing, that amidst the Storms and Persecutions of a degenerate Age, my humble Endeavours can meet with no securer Harbor, than under Your *Ladyships* Protection.

I have, in this Essay, presented Your *Ladyship* with some *Consolatory Thoughts*, under the uneasy Circumstances of my own Life: This can affect Your *Ladyship* no otherwise than as You are surrounded with the Contraries; or in that You have nobly conquer'd those Sorrows, which weaker Minds are forced to labour under all their Days.

May Heaven continue its Blessings to the Age, by preserving Your *Ladyship* as the

the great Luminary of *Devotion*, and *Charity*, and the *Patroness* of all those who, in *their* Order, practise the same *Vertues* in Sincerity; Which is the Prayers of,

MADAM,

Your Ladiships most Humble Obedient,

and most Devoted Servant,

Elizabeth Tipper.

In

In Laudem Dominæ *ELIZABETHÆ TIPPERÆ*, Divinæ Poetices Studiosæ, nec non horum Miscellaneorum Authoris Percellebris.

LUX tua fulgescat latum diffusa per Orbem,
O Decus, & Sexûs Gloria Magna tui.
Dulces scribe modos: Sacris incumbe libellis,
Dum sis Angelicis Mista Puella Choris.
Summa petas Nisæ: *Nobis eris altera* Sappho:
Cantabunt numeros secula sera tuos.
Dulcia Tipperæ *resonabunt laudibus Antra*
Parnassi, *&* Cirrhæ *concava saxa sacræ.*
Carmina Tipperæ *doctus laudavit* Apollo:
Musæ *versiculis obstupuêre tuis.*
Carmina mirata est Tipperæ *docta* Minerva
Mollia Divinæ, Pieridumq; *Chori.*
Laurea Tipperæ *porrexit serta* Thalia,
Atq;, ait, " *Hæc vestris indue* Signa *Comis.*
" *O Tibi quàm* dulcis, *quàm* lucidus *ingenii fons!*
" *Quantum* Divino manat *ab Ore* melos!
" *Ornamenta gerit* Sexus Pius altera: Tipper
" *Ornata est* hederis *tempora docta sacris.*

Jos. Perkins, *A. B.*

Tbus

Thus Engliſhed:

THy *brighter Laſtre* doth it ſelf diſperſe;
And, like the *Sun*, inform the Univerſe:
Thou, *Glory* of Thy *Sex! Write*, *Charm*, and *Gain*,
The *Angel-Conſort* by thy *Sacred Strain*:
Climb *Niſa*, MAID, Thou ſhalt our *Sappho* be,
Thy *Pious Odes* ſung by Poſterity;
The pleaſing *Cells* of all inſpired Verſe,
Parnaſſus, *Cyrrha*, ſhall Thy *Name* rehearſe:
By learn'd *Apollo* Thou art lov'd and prais'd,
And, at Thy *Skill*, the *Muſes* ſtand amaz'd:
Minerva and the *Pieridian* Quire,
Thy ſoft and ſublime *Poetry* admire;
Thalia holds the *Lawrel-Garland* forth,
And cries, *This Trophy well becomes Thy Worth*;
How ſweet's Thy flowing Wit! *How pure Thy* Hymns!
With grateful Muſick *ſtore the* Seraphims.
By others of Thy Sex *be* Top-knots *worn*,
The Immortal Ivy *ſhall* Thy Head *adorn*.

John Torbuck, Rector of
Lurgerſhall, *Wilts*.

To

To Mrs. Tipper, *on her incomparably Ingenious and Divine Poems.*

HAil! *Mirrour* of thy *Sex*, in whom we find,
Reſplendant Rays, in your *Seraphick Mind*,
Whilſt Great *JEHOVAH* does your *Soul* inſpire,
And *Cherubs* ſing their *Anthems* to your *Lyre*,
Then you ſalute, with *Bays* and *Ivy* crown'd,
Wreath'd by *Minerva's* Hand, in *Miſtick round*,
Your *Muſe* proclaim, tuning *Immortal Sound*,
Whence *Sacred Flights*, do *Balmy Sweets* propoſe,
More *fragrant* far, than *Jaſs'min*, or the *Roſe*,
And your *Perſwaſive Sounds* for to rehearſe,
Oblige *High Adoration* in your *Verſe*;
For none *Oblation* pay to *Truths Divine*,
But *Reverence* owe, to thoſe made them *ſublime*;
For how can *Precepts* ſtrike obedient *Awe*,
Unleſs *imprinted* by thoſe made the *Law*:
Hence *Paul* politely *Rhetorician* plays,
David allures, with *Hymns* and *Spiritual Lays*,
Conſult the *God-like Rules* of *Levy's* Tribe,
The Heathens *Envy*, but Religion's *Pride*,

In all the *Maze* of *Ignorance* you'l ſee,
Tradition, *Worſhip* rais'd, to *One* and *Three*;
As theſe, by *God* inſpir'd, perpetuate *Fame*,
By *Pious Acts*, and an *All-glorious Name*;
So you both *Darling* of the *Powers* Above,
And *Muſes* too, their *Manſion* of *true Love*,
Elected are, their *White* and *Galleſs Dove*;
What other *Ladies* write, is *Hate* or *Ire*,
Or elſe *ſoft Strains*, heated thro' *Paſſion's Fire*,
Whoſe *Thoughts* to *wanton Bliſs* devoted are,
Whilſt *Hallow'd Rites* are your *peculiar Care*,
Whoſe *finite Joys*, ſcarce reach a *barren Praiſe*,
When Your's, with *Tranſports*, *Emulation* raiſe,
Compar'd to *that*, ſo vaſt tranſcendant's this
Of *Theirs* and *Yours*, no more proportion is,
Than *fleeting Joys*, of *momentary ſtay*,
To *Millions* of *Millions* there in *endleſs Day*.
Go on, *bleſs'd Maid*, this *Galaxy* purſue,
By *God's above*, decreed alone for you,
Your *beatifick Viſions*, *Glory* ſing,
Whilſt *Eccho's* jocound Acclamations bring,
And *Io-Paeans* ever, ever ring;
With rilling *Cadence* eternize the *Nine*,
Indeliable to *periſhing Fate* of *Time*,
Till your *Tranſlation* to the *Heavenly Throne*,
Their *Hallelujahs* ſound, to the *All-great Three, One*.

To Mrs. Tipper, *on her Paraphraſtical Poems, upon ſeveral Select Paſſages of* Scripture.

CEaſe *Trumpet*, ceaſe, and gentle *Stars* inſpire
Our long *diſtracted World* with *nobler Fire*,
Art, Science, Wit, whoſe *Empire War* invades,
Riſe with thy *Lawrel* from the *Northern Shades*,
While *meaner Monarchs juſtle* in their *Claim*,
Aſſert thy *Right* of *Univerſal Fame*.
Thus *far propitious Heaven, implor'd*, does yield,
And to *Minerva*'s *Off-ſpring* leaves the *Field*.
An harder *Task* my *Suppliant Muſe* does vex,
While I *command*, not *court*, the *aſpiring Sex*,
Their *trifling Glories* vanquiſh'd to ſubmit,
Proſtrate to this *She-Oracle* of *Wit*,
Whoſe *Sacred Muſe* in *Hallalujahs* move,
To *ſing* and *praiſe* the *GOD* of *Peace* and *Love*,
The *modern Wits* embroider with a *Grace*,
As *Proſtitutes* do an uncomely *Face*:
Immodeſt *Themes* ſo bold, with *Art* ſo *fine*,
And, *Wythes* like, firſt rot, before they *ſhine*,
The *Lawrel* he uſurps whoſe leaſt *divine*,

Striving to *ease* our *Cares*, but cannot *please*,
And intermit those *Pains* they ne'r can ease.
Such *Balm* in her *Philosophy* is found,
As makes the *bitter Cup* of *Life* go round,
Purl'd with the *Quintessence* of *Moral Wit*,
Which all that read, may *taste*, but none can *get*.
David, to see his *Songs* restor'd from the *Dark*,
Rejoic'd, as once he did before the *Ark*,
And, from the *Willows*, takes his *tuneful Lyre*,
Whilst in her *Hand* he kindles *Sacred Fire*,
By which he did the cruel *Saul* asswage,
To quench *worse Spirits* of our Modern Age.
What *Paul* and *Seneca* in Labours wrote,
She in her *Life* has to *Perfection* brought,
To keep the *Passions* in severest Awe,
Reject *Usurping Arbitrary Law*,
And, when no *Safety* can from *Tempest* find,
Retires within the *Halcyon* of her *Mind*:
Thus, ne'r *engaging*, meets with no *defeat*,
But gains a *Victory* by a *wise Retreat*.

A. L. Esquire

T

Begin here

To Mrs. Tipper, *on her Divine Poems.*

AS we are told, *That all they do above,*
Is only that they Sing, and that they Love; | Cowley.
What *wondrous Charms* muſt *endleſs Hymns* inſpire,
When the *Immortal Songſters* of the Choir
Not ev'n their whole long *Eternal Chaunt* can't tire,
And the *Celeſtial Muſe*, whilſt all around
The *Extaſi'd, continu'd Raptures* ſound?
That *honour'd Head*, what *Glories* has *ſhe* given,
Thus *grac'd*, to furniſh half the *Work* of *Heaven?*
The *Muſes*, yes, in that *Seraphick Sphear*,
Are all *Urania's* and *Apollo* there,
Beneath the *Footſtool* of *JEHOVAH's* Throne,
Kneels to a *Brighter Sun* than was his own.
If *Harmony*, with that *enlightning Beam*,
Tunes her loud *Muſick* to that *Mighty Theme*,
Madam, Your *MUSE*, tho' with a *feebler Voice*,
The ſame *High Subject* makes her *Sacred Choice*;
Tun'd to the Great *Creator's* juſt *Applauſe*,
That *Pen* writes *beſt*, that from *Luke's Penſil* draws,
And 'tis that *Poetry* does truly *ſhine*,
That Copies from *Originals Divine*.

E. S. Gent.

To Mrs. Tipper, *on her* Miſcellany *of* Divine Poems.

AMongſt the *various Actions* of *Mankind*,
Rivals in *Wit*, as well as *Love*, we find;
But *you*, alone, the *glorious Prize* muſt *gain*,
You merit it by ſo *Divine* a *Strain*;
Urania is thy *Muſe*, the *Heavenly Quire*
Thy *Soul* with *pureſt Raptures* does inſpire,
Chaſte as thy *Self*, and *Sacred* are thy *Rhimes*;
Which, not *polluted* by *corrupting Times*,
Shall make *Profaner Scribblers* all ſubmit,
And own *thee* as the *Type* of *Heavenly Wit*;
Thy *Theme* and *Inſpirations* from above;
Heaven is thy *Parnaſſus* and thy *Love*;
Each *riſing Thought* does with the *bluſhing Morn*,
The *Beauties* of thy *chaſter Soul* adorn;
A *Harmony* in every *Line* appears,
Much like the *Heavenly Muſick* of the *Spheres*:
Phillips and *Behn*, whoſe *Praiſe Fame* ſtill rehearſe,
In all their *Works* don't paralel thy *Verſe*,

Which

Which unto after *Ages* ſhall remain,
And the *ſweet Odour* of thy *Worth* retain.
Parnaſſus is but *low*, thy *flighty Soul*,
Her *Head* above that *Mountain* does Extol,
The *Myſtick Scite* of *Heaven* is thy Aim,
Celeſtial LOVE, not *Carnal*, is thy *Theme*,
Tho' the moſt *Nice* of *Criticks* do *combine*,
They cannot *Damn* a thing that's ſo *Divine*.

John Hallum.

To

To Mrs. Eliz. Tipper, *on her Super-excellent Miſcellany of* Divine Poems.

Gratior eſt Virtus e corpore pulchro veniens.

HAd *Herbert*, *Quarles*, or other *Sacred Pen*,
Theſe *Meditations* tun'd, *Encomiums* then
Were but *juſt Tributes* to the *Work Divine*;
But ſince thy *Lips* the *Verſes* more *refine*,
Celeſtial Hymns ſhould ſound before thy *Shrine*.
What ſhall I ſay in ſuch a ſpacious *Field*,
Where th' meaneſt *Shrubs* large *Contemplations* yield;
Thy *Wit's Refin'd*, thy *Theme*, as Heaven, *Sublime*,
Each *Breathing Accent* makes a *Clauſe Divine*.
Oft I have ſeen, like *Parrats* in a *Cage*,
Men Prate by *Rote*, upon the *publick Stage*;
Tell *this* and *that*, and *Precepts* largely *Preach*,
Tho' few, like thee, by *try'd Experience Teach*:
Experienc'd Knowledge, *Miſtreſs* of *True Art*,
In *Sweeteſt Lays* thou doſt to us *impart*.
Go on, *Chaſt Maid*, thy *Virtues* ſtill renew,
Whilſt in thy *Lines* at once we clearly *view*,
Minerva and the Beautious *Venus* too.

Many Daughters have done virtuouſly, but thou exceleſt them all, Prov. 31. 29.

E. Steele.

On

On the Holy Bible.

NOT mortal Wit, but bleſt *Ætherial Fire*,
Aſſiſt me, and my ſacred Muſe inſpire;
My Subject's greater than thoſe Glories all,
That gliſter in the ſplendor of Earths Ball:
Scepters and *Crowns* fall much below my Theme,
And *Heroes* warlike Deeds are but a Dream:
No Extaſy of Lovers ſoft Delight,
But of the Oracles of God I write.
Shall I, with reverence, ſtrive to ſhow the worth?
Alas! 'tis not for Clay to ſet it forth.
All that the largeſt Soul on Earth can crave,
Within this *ſacred Volume* they may have:
This is *Perfections Clew*, by whoſe bleſt guide
Full Streams of Joys divine for ever tide,
Where each diſtruſting Soul may ſwim with eaſe,
In all the bliſsful Billows that can pleaſe:
The Learned may on choiceſt Knowledge feed;
The Ignorant of greateſt Wiſdom ſpeed:
The Pooreſt, here ſee vaſter Riches ſhine
Than ſparkle in the *Spaniards* golden Mine:

Here wearied Souls a ſweeter Reſt does crown,
Than Bodies on the ſofteſt Beds of Down;
And troubled Minds find Peace in larger meaſure,
Than Ages give in Halcyon Days of Pleaſure:
The Sad with more exalted Joys be fill'd,
Than all the Mirth of this vain World can yield:
Through *Faith* in *Theſe* the Weak are Stronger made,
Than Gyants which the World with Arms invade;
Wiſdom, *Strength*, *Riches*, *Joys*, *Reſt*, *Peace* abound,
And all the *Good* of Life in *Them* is found.
How vain is She that ſeeks for Comfort, Lord,
In any thing, but in *Thy Self* and *Word*,

Some Experimental Paſſages *of my* LIFE, *with* Reflections *upon* Jacob's *Words*, Few and Evil have the days of the years of my Life been.

'TIs ſtrange that he Unborn, ere he ſaw Light,
Deſtin'd a Victor, and Heaven's Favourite,
Should almoſt at the Period of his Age,
Give this relation of his Pilgrimage,
Yet 'tis not ſtrange, ſince *mortal Life* we ſee
No more from *Sorrow* than from *Death* is free.
My *Life* the aſſertion much has verifi'd,
From Part to Part, by ſad Experience try'd,

In

In all my *Undertakings* ſtill been croſt,
And like a *Ball* from hand to hand been toſt.

Five Years i'th Prime of all my Youth I ſpent,
Recluſe as 'twere from the World, in *Baniſhment*:
And Hermit like in all things did I dwell,
An *uncouth Cottage* ſerving for my *Cell*;
For ſeveral Days and Nights ſometimes been driven
To *Silence*, ſave the *Words* I ſpoke to Heaven.
My conſtant *Viſits* Fields and Woods receiv'd,
Who at my oft reſorting never griev'd;
But bounteouſly with Sunſhine, Air, and Shade,
Their frequent *Viſitant* ſtill happy made;
One dear and courteous Tree, above the reſt,
Did oft invite me to become her Gueſt;
Upon her root I hourly *fate*, and *Read*,
Her towering Branches ſheltering my Head;
And when I Kneel'd, the kind officious Graſs,
The verdant Covering of my Cuſhion was.
The like Good-will have Hedges to me born,
And diſtant Furrows of the growing Corn:
To this the Evening oft hath met my *Faſt*,
And *Tears* the longeſt day been my *Repaſt*:
Yet theſe *Afflictions*, Lord, more *Joy* I own,
Than have the Vicious, who poſſeſs a Throne:

Nor can I at a *Flood* of *Tears* repine,
Till I forget that *Bloody Sea* of Thine.
O grant me *Reſignation* till I ſee
How 'tis Thy Pleaſure to diſpoſe of me.

My *Penance* now ſeem'd ſomething to abate,
And glimering Beams of *Sun-ſhine* dart from Fate:
Two of my greateſt *Wants* at once ſupply'd,
IMPLOYMENT and *SOCIETY* beſide:
My *Happineſs* this large Addition found,
New Joys with *Honourable Friendſhip* crown'd.
No more my *Brow contracted* now appears,
Nor *Eye-Balls* fretted *Red* with *Briny Tears*:
Save when in *Penitence* and *Care* I mourn'd,
That GOD's withdrawing *Beams* might be return'd

This *Sun-ſhine Fortune* did not long remain,
Ere 'twas eclips'd by a dark Cloud again:
My *Comforts* ſever'd by that *Unſeen Hand*,
Which *Proſperous* and *Adverſe Fate* both command.

Then, by the Counſel of a real Friend,
I am adviſ'd my *Precious Time*, to ſpend
No more in a poor Village, but repair
To a City, try the *Smiles* of *Fortune* there.

What

What this may signify, 'tis GOD best knows,
My *Fortune* ever *Ebbs*, but never *Flows*:
The Wicked, Careless, Foolish, all I see,
Her *Kindness* have, which is deny'd to me:
'Tis so, Great GOD, and to it I submit,
And all things else Thy *Wisdom* shall think fit.
This only thing I begg, while I have Breath,
Grant me an HONEST LIFE *and* HAPPY DEATH.

MEDITATION I.

Rejoycing in Hope, Patient in Tribulation, continuing instant in Prayer. Rom. 12. ver. 12.

HOW do I Read and Marvel, Read again,
And wonder at St. *Paul's Inspired Pen*,
That in *One Verse* could such a *Sermon* write,
And so much *Duty* in few *Words* recite.
O that my *Practice* his *Three Precepts* wrought,
As *undivided* as the *Mind* and *Thought*.
What *Tribulation* is there could suppress
The *Living Flames* of hop'd for *Happiness*,
Which rises with an unresisted Sway,
Breaks out in *Light*, and forces *Night* to *Day*;
Tramples the *Clouds* of *Darkness*, now assumes
The *Tow'ring Seat*, and *Sadness* quite consumes:

Or, if the gnawing Grief of *Diſcontent*,
Seem'd, for a while, to keep in Baniſhment,
This *Bliſs* of univerſal great *Support*,
PATIENCE Invincible would guard the *Fort*;
No ſtrugling *Sorrow* ere could make a *Breach*,
The Feuds of *Grief* might to my *Spirits* reach;
But as a Rock *Unmov'd* ſhould I remain,
See the Waves *come*, *daſh*, and *fall back* again
In ſcatter'd Pieces to their furious Main.
Laſtly, the *Complication*, *Spring*, and *Crown*
Of theſe *high Bleſſings*, and the reſt, come down
By (the unequall'd) *Beneſit* of *PRAYER*,
Which *Sues*, *Prevails*, and *Binds* our Makers *Care*:
This lock'd the Heavens *Three Years* from giving *Rain*;
And *This* brought *Showers*, unlocking them again.
This quench'd the *Fire*; when, by their *Aiding* GOD,
Three Men, through *Flames*, the *burning Pavement* trod
This did a *Life* from *Hungry Lyons* ſave,
And made their *Mouths* a *Guard*, deſign'd a *Grave*;
So calm'd their *Fury*, huſh'd their *Rage* ſo ſtill,
They did not look like things deſign'd to *kill*.
Bleſt DUTY! of *Divineſt Influence*,
I love, adore, and chuſe thy *Excellence*:
By *Thee* the *Series* of my *Minutes* can
Find *Solid Joys* in this my *Weary Span*.

Had

Had I all *Pleasures* Earth could give beside,
They'd want a *Charm*, were thy *Delights* deny'd:
For, *Glittering Riches*, or the *Sound* of *Fame*,
Accomplish'd Parts, and an *Illustrious Name*,
Are all but *Outward Things*, far from *Content*,
Without the Hours in *dear DEVOTION* spent.
Give me but *This*, the *True*, and *Perfect Way*,
Let *Them* disperse to whom, and where *They* may.

Could *Flesh* with *Purity* Enliven'd be,
Made, like the *Spirit*, Vigorous and Free;
In these *Sublime Delights* I should not care,
But for the *Practice* and *Effects* of *PRAYER*.
O for a *Strength* of *PRAYER* to mount my *Soul*,
In *Raptures* far above the *Starry Pole*:
So *Wing'd* my *soaring Flight* should never *tire*,
Till I *fate down* to *Rest* in the *Eternal Choir*.

MEDITATION II.

Who went about Doing Good, Acts 10. 38.

WHen the *great Lord* of *Life* on *earth* was plac'd,
(Whom wicked men with Cruelty disgrac'd
And with Rebellious Fury shed his Blood)
His Conversation was in *Doing Good*.

Raise

Raise up, *dear Lord*, my Sin depressed State,
This Pattern of Thy *Life* to Imitate;
As for the *Miracles* Thy Power expreſt,
In *Healing* thoſe by Devils long poſſeſt;
Making the *Blind* to *See*, the *Dumb* to *Talk*,
The *Lepers Clean*; the *Lame*, with *Vigour*, *Walk*:
I begg not to Do *Theſe*, *theſe Works* I own
To Thee peculiar, and Thy Saints alone.
Nor dare my *humble Thoughts* a *Wiſh* aſpire,
For theſe *High Gifts* to be at my *Deſire*;
But I Initiated was to be
A *True* and *Lovely Follower* of Thee:
And, as for all Mankind Thou ſhed'ſt thy *Blood*,
So I was *Born* to *Live* in *Doing Good*.
Nor muſt I ſay my *Hinderances* are
Beyond the Power of *Religious Care*;
What tho' thou haſt not lent me *Wealth* to be
Thy *Faithful Steward*, *Dole* my *Charity*
And with *Extenſive Bounty*, at my Door,
Act daily *Goodneſs* on the *Suffering Poor*;
Whilſt Thy *High Pleaſure* for my *Lot* ordains,
That *Poverty* my *willing Hands* reſtrains,
What tho' I do want *Power* to *Help*, *Relieve*,
The *Oppreſs'd* who *injur'd* by *Injuſtice grieve*,

And

And what tho' no proud *Honour* deck my *Brow*:
A *Station High* to make me seen below;
So Seen that Leading of a *Life Divine*,
Might stand a *Pattern* to make *Virtue* shine;
Tho' neither *Wealth*, nor *Honour*, nor *Power* are
Alotted or Permitted to my Share.
By all these *Fetters* and these *Checks* withstood,
Am I deny'd the *Means* of *Doing Good*?
Ah no! restrain my *Thoughts* from thinking this;
Since thou know'st *best*, what *most Convenient* is:
Make me a *Christian* inwardly conform'd
To all these *Sufferings* which the *Cross* adorn'd;
From this worlds *Pleasure* and *Affection* hurl'd,
And Live by other *Light*, as in another world,
With different *Principles*, *Proceedings* new;
Vertue Embrace, *Folly* and *Vice* Eschew:
My *Precious Time* in no vain *Pleasure* waste;
But have for *Spiritual Things* another Taste,
Show my *Obedience*, in the *highest Nature*,
And *sole Dependance* on my *Blest Creator*;
With *true Submission* meekly take all *Crosses*,
And have a *Relish* for *Contempts* and *Losses*;
Pleas'd only with a Life of *Faith*, and then
Slight all the *Mockeries* of *Worldly Men*,
Who Judge not but by Sence; or, at the most,
By *Human Reason*, too much to their *Cost*.

This *Suffering Life* in real *Practice* shown,
Could be to me *Wealth*, *Honour*, and a *Crown*:
No more I need not ask to *Bless my Days*,
Or cast a *Lustre* on my *Gloomy Ways*;
To make a *shining Light* at once to be,
Example to others, and *safe Guide* to me.
Lord, let not this be only Barren *Thought*,
But to Maturer Growth of *Action* brought.

MEDITATION II.

Fret not thy self, because of the Ungodly; neither be thou envious against the Evil Doers, Psalm 37. 1.

TO see the Wicked in a *Prosperous State*,
Surrounded with the *Happiness* of *Fate*;
Their *Humours* pleas'd, their *Undertakings Blest*;
Their *Pains Successful*, and their *Goods Increast*;
Their *Pleasures flowing*, as their *Vices* are;
And *Minds* disburthen'd of all other *Care*:
So far am I from *Envying* at this Sight;
Or *Grudging*, that I would not, if I might,
For all the *Treasures* in Rich *Ophir*'s Soyl,
Even for their *Happiness* exchange my *Toyl*:
Their best *Enjoyments* Poor and Empty are;
And all their *Pleasure* but a *Flattering* Snare;

Their

Their *Prime Felicities* in *Folly's* paſt,
And *Joys* which like declining *Shadows* waſt
Thus *Swift* in *Vanity* from *Vertue* ſtray;
And to *Deſtruction* gayly March away:
Then comes the *Terror* of approaching *Death*,
They muſt *Reſign* their diſcontinuing *Breath*;
Tortur'd to *Think* upon a Mournful *Knell*,
And *Rack'd* with *Horrour* at the *Thoughts* of *Hell*:

MEDITATION IV.

Thou art about my Path, and about my Bed, and ſpyeſt out all my Ways, &c. Pſalm, 139. ver. 2. 3

THere is no *Path* of *Life*, in which I go:
But what thou *view'ſt*, & every Step doſt *know*
If in the *Way* of *Vertue* I go on,
Immediately its, by Thy *Wiſdom*, *known*.
Nor doſt thou *Unrewarded* let me paſs,
But *Crown'ſt* with *Benefits* my Running Glaſs
And, if deluded from this *happy Way*
Of *Virtue*, I erronious go aſtray
Into the privateſt cloſeſt *Path* of *Sin*,
I preſently perceive Thee *Looking* in;
And with thy *Glance* doſt ſtrike me with a *Terror*
Of *future Judgements* for my *Sinful Error*:

In vain do I endeavour to conceal,
What thy *All-seeing Eye* must needs reveal:
My *Heart* has no retired secret *Thought*,
But openly is to thy *Knowledge* brought:
Nor dos a *Word* through my whole Life, tho nere
So softly *Whisper'd*, scape thy *Righteous Ears*.
O let me, with *Humility*, admire
This great *Omniscience*, and no more desire
The *dark Perverseness* of a *Sinful Course*;
Since thou discovereſt *All*; and, what is worse,
Condemn'ſt it to the *Miserable State*
Of *Hells* great *Torment*, and thy endless *Hate*.

MEDITATION V.

If ye love me, keep my Commandments, Joh. 14. 15.

MUſt there an IF be made for *Loving* thee,
In whom the *Mirror* of *Perfections* be;
Fairer than *Light* thy Charming Beauties shine,
No Angel's *Form* was ever so *Divine*:
Never did Prince of such an Offspring come,
Nor Lover like thee suffer *Martyrdom*:
An Angel's Quill I want to write the Story
Of thy great *Passion*, *High Descent*, and *Glory*:
But stopp'd with Wonder, now I would say most,
My Ravish'd Soul is in a Rapture lost:

Who

Who ſhould I Love but thee, where can I find
An Object like thee to inflame my Mind!
Should any Fellow-creature ask me this,
Love you the Mighty Lord of Life and Bliſs?
I ſhould injuriouſly the Queſtion take,
In ſuch a caſe, ſhould they a ſcruple make,
And, in a vehement Heat, be apt to cry
Judge of my Love, by what I now reply,
He is the only Regent of my Heart,
I ſcorn the Rival that ſhould claim a part:
Confin'd in a Lone Deſert, I could be,
Having an Intercourſe 'twixt him and me:
The want of Food I could contented bear,
So I might have but my Beloved near:
I'de wander all my Life through Sun and Wind,
In Tears, if Tears alone, my Dear could find;
Compar'd to him, my Friends, Relations, Birth,
Each, all I hate, all that is dear on Earth:
My Blood I'll ſpend, and Life will Sacrifice
For his dear *Honour*, which I ſo much prize.
Theſe great Pretenſions would be apt to skip
From my moſt paſſionate unwary Lip;
But thou haſt try'd me at an eaſier Hand,
By bidding of me keep thy Bleſs'd Command;
In which no rigid Task thou doſt impoſe,
Or leaſt true Satisfaction bid me loſe,

Love God, and Love my Neighbour, Watch and Pray
Oh! Can I wish in these to disobey?
What can be easier, sweeter, less severe;
Or, to my Mind more rational appear?
Pleasing while I perform, and in th' event,
Of Happiness the certain Consequent.
Oh let me shew I these Commands approve,
And by my keeping of them dearly Love.

MEDITATION VI.

Set your Affections on things above, Col. 3. 1.

ALas! Dull *Earth*, where can I place on thee
Affection and one moment happy be;
I've view'd thee through, I've minded all events
Of VVorldly *Crosses*, and its *Blandishments*;
And as the *first* by few can be desired,
The *last* as little is to be admired:
One is a *Thorny Trouble*, still perplexing,
T'other an *Empty Show*, and therefore vexing:
Experimenting *Both*, I too well try'd,
Crosses vext, and *Pleasures* never satisfied:
This made my *Thoughts* damp, liveless, sad & slow,
Each Minute tiresome while they staid below;
And wearyed much into Impatience grew,
Till they left *Earth*, and up with vigour flew,

Then

Then soaring in all true Delights above,
I quickly found where I might fix my Love;
Perceiving Bliss which never met controul,
And Satisfaction Solid as the Soul;
A Joy so great, untrifling, and so blest,
If I might in the Meditation rest,
I nere should Love a *Thought* of *Earth* again,
More than a *Fit* of *Sickness* or of *Pain*:
For nothing less I contemplate and See,
Than the vast Joys of *large Eternity*:
Contenting Vision! how may I possess
For ever, ever this *dear Happiness*,
There's no way to it, but the *Gates* of *Death*,
The dolorous Pangs of an extinguish'd *Breath*.
But why should this so terrible appear,
Or, either my *Aversion* move or *Fear*,
I know it's this must that Advantage bring,
O Frightful Ghastly *Death where is thy Sting?*
O Conquering *Grave where is thy Victory*,
When even the vanquish'd *tryumph*, & through *thee*,
Lies our *Ascent* to *vast Eternity*.

MEDITATION VII.

On Isaiah 5. ver. 1. 2.

HO every One almost to Drought accurst,
Who Famish with the cruelty of *Thirst*,
Come, drink ye *Waters* freely, take your fill,
Refresh your selves with Plenty, drink at will:
Here's *Milk* that gives a Nourishment divine,
Not only Heart, but here's Soul cheering *Wine*.

A Prophet calls, and gives you this Advice,
'Tis Purchased without *Mony*, without *Price*;
Why spend you *Mony* for what is not *Bread*,
When here you may with *Delicates* be fed.

On John Baptist *being* Painted *in the Wilderness with a Lamb by him, and Angels descending to him.*

THE Sun's my *Fire*, as well as *Light*,
The Moon and Stars my *Lamps* at Night;
Springs are my Cellars of choice *Wine*,
A Desart's Parlour where I dine.

The

The Rocks and Woods my *Dainties* give,
On *Locuſts* I and *Hony* live;
This *Lambs* my Gueſt when ere I eat,
Who equal with me takes his ſeat;
My *Garments* of the Flocks I take,
And on the Earth my *Bed* I make:
Voluptious Greatneſs I think baſe,
My Company's of *Heavenly Race.*
O happy Life! from nauſeous *Pleaſures* free,
And from diſtracting *Cares*, bleſt ſhould I be
Were I t' enjoy *Mine* in a ſtate like *Thee.*

On Herodias *Daughter being Painted with the Head of* John Baptiſt *in a Charger, giving it to her Mother.*

SEE, deareſt Mother, what my *Charms* has caught,
And to your hand a welcome *Preſent* brought,
The powerful *Tongue* that, at a *Breath* before,
Shook our whole *Grandeur*, now ſhall *ſpeak* no more;
Nor ſtern, nor threatning does this Brow appear,
Whoſe *Look* was wont to caſt a Dread and Fear;
As my Adorer, Languiſhing he lies,
Imploring Favour from my killing Eyes;
Vanquiſh'd by me alone, and quite ſuppreſt,

Now undiſturb'd does in my Arms take Reſt.
Augment my Joys with yours, which elſe will fade,
Whilſt here the *Hermit* I've a *Courtier* made.

Bleſt *Martyr*, is it thus, the Impious ſcoff,
The Tyrant at a word thy Life cutts off:
Hard caſe, ſo great a Prophet living ſtands
A Sacrifice to *Wanton Feet* and *Bloody Hands*:
No matter, let them play their Rigorous Part,
Thou hadſt the *Blow*, but they muſt feel the *Smart*;
They have ſent thee from a *World wretched* & *friend-*
To dwell with *Joys* unſpeakable & endleſs (*leſs*,

To a Young Lady that deſired a Verſe of my being Servant *one Day, and* Miſtreſs *another.*

MORE than a King's my *Word* dos rule to day,
His Subjects *His*, my Betters *Mine* obey;
Quality, *Fortune*, *Beauty*, *Virtue*, *Wit*,
Do *Govern* others, but to me *Submit*:
* To morrow from this *Dignity* I fall,
And am a *Servant* at each *Beck* and *Call*:
Next Day I'me *free* in *Liberty* and *Power*,
And, as before, a *Miſtreſs* every *Hour*.

* I teach Ladies Writing and Accompts one day, and keep Shop-Books the other day, in which Buſineſs I am a hired Servant.

Change-

Changeable is my *State*, and yet not ſtrange,
When *Day* to *Night*, and *Light* to *Darkneſs* change:
Yet *Fate* I cannot blame, but juſtly own,
She, in this *Difference*, *Evenneſs* hath ſhown;
For when I'me *Miſtreſs*, none I can *Command*,
When *Servant*, *curb'd* by no *Imperious Hand*:
This is a *Riddle*, yet nere wonder why,
When all the *World*'s a *Riddle*, why not I?

On REPUTATION.

BRight *Object*, whom each Mortal courts to have,
From the great *Cæſar*, to the humble Slave;
From *Vertues* Sons to *Vices* blacker Brood,
From *Hypocrites* to thoſe ſincerely *Good*,
Who pays not *Vows* to thy moſt glorious *Shrine*,
Who does not *Idolize* that *Name* of thine;
The *Wiſe* and *Pious* commonly declare,
That much before their Life they thee prefer:
The *Profligate*, who takes a ſenſleſs *Pride*
In being baſe, his *Skill* has often try'd,
In thy bleſt *Shade* his *Ulcerous Name* to hide.
Since *thou* art ſo ador'd, what can I do,
But own I am *thy* great *Admirer* too?

Yet, *fair One*, give me leave before my *Love*
With too much *Paſſion* fixes, firſt to prove,
If thou haſt *Bleſſings true*, as thoſe above.

I fear *thou* art of a *mutable Degree*,
Weak and defenceleſs, quickly apt to flee,
Should I place all my *Joys* in *thee* alone,
Keep all my Actions *fair*, that not in one
A *Blemiſh* could be found; yet this would be
A ſmall Aſſurance of poſſeſſing *thee*,
For *Cenſure* and *Opinion* have their ſwing,
Ill Tongues and *bad Belief* out-reign a King:
All as they *ſpeak* or *think*, their *Fame* or *Faith*,
Good or *bad Names* are ſtill but *Popular Breath*:
Excuſe me therefore, ſince all this is true,
If I refuſe to ſet my *Heart* on *you*.

SECURITY.

'Tis not in Princes or Superiors *Smiles*,
Profound *Contrivance* or ingenious *Wiles*,
In boundleſs *Riches* or the ſhining *Flame*
Of a dear ſweet and odoriferous *Name*,
'Tis not by theſe rare *Pleaſures* we can be
Plac'd in the *Orb* of *fixt Security*.

Tran-

Tranſient and *vain* theſe tempting *Charms* have prov'd,
To thoſe who *fought* them moſt, and moſt have *lov'd*;
And the true Bleſſing of a *Life ſecure*
Is never found but in a *Conſcience pure*,
Whoſe choicer *Wiſdom* with improving *Skill*,
Strives *Strictly* to Obey her Maker's Will;
Regarding That, can Calmly o're and o're
Take *Frowns* from the ſame *Brow* that *ſmil'd* before;
Think *Riches* are but tranſitory things
Which take uncertain *Flights* with *ſpreading Wings*;
And, with an *Intellectual View*, deſpiſe
The *Bubbling Show* of *Worldly Policies*;
See a *good Name* lye in the *ſtabbing Smart*,
Without the Terrours of a *troubled Heart*;
And with all *Earthly Treaſure* let that go,
Slight as the *Duſt*, if *GOD* will have it ſo;
For 'tis his *inward Joy* which crowns the Mind,
More than in all theſe *outward things* we find:
Poſſeſt of which we are ſecurely bleſt,
Whatever does become of all the reſt.

To Imploy Fear *and* Hate.

ASsist, great *GOD*, this *Work* which I begin,
Turn my frail Passions, *Fear* and *Hate*, at Sin;
Let me not know what 'tis to use my *Fear*,
Except the danger of a Sin appear;
Then timorous, shivering, flying, let me get
Into the Guards of *Vertue's* safe retreat,
Immur'd within, whose Sacred Bounds I'de be
Fearful to *Think*, to *Speak*, to *Hear*, or *See*,
Ought that relates to *this grand Enemy*;
No *Parly* would I have, no soft *Debate*,
No *Passion*, but my never-ending *Hate*,
Hate! whose Aversion all *Revenge* excell'd,
By no Example yet e're paralell'd,
Free and perpetual on this *Object* spent,
Without an inclination to relent,
Desist or cease; no, not with Life to end,
Nor Time nor Heavens possession: But ascend
And Reign within that *glorious Orb*, while I
Retain *it* there to *all Eternity*:
Thus, when Sin only shall the Object prove
Of my *fixt Hate*, 'tis *GOD* has all my *Love*.

On SUNDAY.

MOst *blissful Day*, 'tis for your kind return,
My highest Wishes do in Fervor burn;
You bring such *heavenly Sweetness* with your *Rest*,
As if in *you* alone all Time were *blest*;
The *other* Days with loaded *Care* abound,
Earth's *Service* drives the heavy Circle *round*,
And dully fix their *Aspect* on the *Ground*:
Your heavenly *Looks* reach that *amazing Throne*,
Which *yours* and *my* great *Maker*'s seated on;
Never, but *upward*, *your* aspiring Head
Tends with a *Look*: And so my Soul *you* lead
In such *delicious Joys*, that, when *you* are gone,
I still anticipate and reckon on,
How long before *you* come again; how near
The Times expir'd; when, when will *you* appear?
At *your* first *dawn* my Heart dilated lies,
In the content of *Divine Extasies*,
Exempt from *Sorrow*, only that I see
Those *precious Moments* do too swiftly flee.
But after this vast *Joy*, when Night comes on,
And I reflect how near the *Sabbath*'s gone,

For

For all the *Pleaſure* was ſo great and true,
'Tis with a bitter Sigh I part from you:
Yet though, *great Day* of *Bleſſings*, all *ſublime*,
You fly, like others, on the *Wings* of *Time*,
No ſpecial *Favour* of a Minute's ſtay
Can be prolong'd more than another *Day*;
But ſwift, as *Hurry*, are *your Moments* ſpun,
And of the *common Sand your Glaſs* does run;
Your *Property* will change, when I ſhall have
Paſs'd one dark Walk to the other ſide o'th Grave,
Then to an everlaſting *Sabbath* I
Shall be receiv'd with *endleſs Extaſie*.

On Directions *to know how to* Act Fortunately.

FAin would I know each day *what* I ſhould *chuſe*,
What *Undertaking* I had beſt *refuſe*;
I'de have an *Art*, that all that I forſook,
Should make all *proſperous* which I undertook;
I'de *miſs* to *act* thoſe *Days* of ill *Events*,
And meet with none but *Fortunes* ſweet *Contents*;
I'de know the *Minute* critical and rare
Should fill my *Wiſhes* all, and crown my *Care*:

Some kind *Thought* tell me how I may *poſſeſs*
This mighty great deſir'd *Happineſs*;
Shall I conſult the *Stars*, and read the *Sky*,
Grow perfect Miſtreſs of *Aſtrology*,
Know all the *Planets* and their *influence*,
When 'tis they *good* and when they *ill diſpenſe*,
Thus *guide* my *Life*, thus *ſteer* my *Courſe*, and be
Inform'd *before-hand* what the *Fates* decree;
To *guide* my *Life* with this, Lord, did I ſay?
Alas! I know it is a fooliſh Way:
Thy *Word* inſtructs me, that I can nor muſt
Repoſe in none but *thee* alone my *Truſt*.
Why ſhould I like a *Heathen* then rely
Upon the *Signs* and *Aſpects* of the *Sky*,
Upon a *Babling Fortune-teller's Skill*,
Or *Wonders* from the *Wiſe Star-gazer's Quill*?
I *fly*, but *envy* not their *beſt Perfection*,
And covet only Thy *Divine Direction*;
If 'tis my *Fate* I muſt ſuſtain a *Loſs*,
Give me *Submiſſion* to receive the *Croſs*,
And, like a *Chriſtian*, bear it, and adore
Him, who, for me, the *bloody Croſs* has bore.
If *Diſappointments* muſt my Hours attend,
Raiſe but my Thoughts to Thee, they'r at an end.
What ſhall I value here can *hit* or *miſs*,
When *Heaven* alone contains my *boundleſs Bliſs*?

If a *ſhort Life* muſt make my *frail Days* few,
An *endleſs Being* ſooner will enſue;
And *all* I care for here, is only what
May make me *fit* and *well-prepar'd* for that.
If a *long Life* is for my *Lot* aſſign'd,
In which the *Smiles* of *Fortune* I ſhall find,
The Benefit of *both* can only be
In *Dedicating* me and mine to Thee:
O teach me ſo to manage all my *Days*,
That unto Thee I may direct my *Ways*,
Thou whoſe *Almighty Goodneſs* brings to paſs
All *Happineſs* that ever *is* or *was*.

A THOUGHT.

TO ſome *remote* and *melancholly Wood*,
Where *Trees* in growth and nearneſs do combine,
The *Sun* in all his *Forces* never could
Peep through the *Branches* they ſo cloſely twine.

In this obſcure *Shade* fain would I get,
From all the *World*, my *Friends* as well as *Cares*,
While ſome *ſweet Viſion* bleſt the kind *retreat*,
And pitying look'd upon my *Sighs* and *Tears*.

Againſt a *Tree* my *weary Head* ſhould ly,
And on my *panting Heart* be plac'd my Hand,
My *Sighs*, devoutly piercing, cut the *Sky*,
While of my *LORD* I humbly *this* demand.

O be thou pleas'd to let me know, I am
In thy *dear Favour*, though with *Grief* oppreſt,
And that *vile Sin* ſhall ne're expoſe to ſhame,
Or ſtop me in the Paths to Heavenly Reſt:

And that I ſhall the World in *Juſtice* leave,
Rendring to every one their *Righteous* due,
When I am gone my *Memory* may receive
The bleſſed Character of *Juſt* and *True*.

And that the *Time* ſhall joyfully expire,
Wherein I am to breathe and ſpeak my laſt:
And being poſſeſs'd of this, which I deſire,
Call'd up to *Heaven*, and leave the *Earth* in haſt.

The DISCOURAGEMENT.

IF *Fate unprosperous* on our *Cares* attend,
We striving *hope*, and nothing still does mend;
This very thing, *Affliction* magnifies,
By pouring in a *store* of Enemies;
For not the *Bad* alone, but *Vertuous* too,
Give frequent *Wounds*, to augment our greater *Woe*,
If they themselves have not successless lain,
By *Fortune's Gift* or their *Industrious Pain*.
Blind or *Forgetful*, what's the Power that makes
A Disproportion, as it *gives* or *takes*?
Believe the *Structure* of all *Luck* did rear
On their great *Fore-cast* and assiduous *Care*;
And never Person suffer'd *Indigence*,
But what from their *own Folly* did commence,
Through *want* of *Wit*, or *stock* of *Negligence*.
This I have heard *averr'd*: And so they blame
Deep *Poverty*, and make it *guilty Shame*;
A thousand *Slights* to the sad Case attends,
From all our near and much professed *Friends*:
Most *mighty Sorrow!* doubled o're and o're!
How pondrous is this *Load*, that must be bore?

'Tis

'Tis truly ſo: But ſince *Heaven* thought it good
Such Accidents ſhould come to *Fleſh* and *Flood*,
There's an *Example* left us how to bear,
Without too much *Dejection* or *Deſpair*,
As your *Lord* did: Strive you to do the ſame,
Endure the *Croſs*, deſpiſing all the *Shame*.

Of LOVE.

O Thou bleſt Native of *Celeſtial Joy*,
Which not our *Peace* but *Malice* doſt deſtroy,
Making us *Wiſe*, *Juſt*, *Merciful* and *Pure*,
Slow to *Revenge*, and *patiently* endure,
'Till with *ſoft Bleſſings* we o'recome and draw
Tyrannick Foes by LOVE into an awe;
'Tis not thy *Heavenly Rays* which I reject,
Or ſpare to honour with Divine Reſpect:
But here's a *racking Paſſion*, which lays claim
To the bleſt *Title* of thy *glorious Name*,
I cannot call it *New*, nor *Counterfeit*,
Though falſly *it* aſſumes and plays the Cheat;
For it was *old* Thouſands of Years ago,
And acts with certain *Fate* all *Ages* know:
Whence *it* derives, no Mortal yet can tell,
Yet all averr they know *it* too too well,
Like ſome *inchanting*, *common Miracle*;

Where

Where e're it came, I find *is* is, at beſt,
The *Grand Diſturber* of all *Humane Reſt*;
And therefore well avoided, if an *Art*
Or *Power* there be to keep it from the Heart;
As ſuch I hope there *is*, which makes me ſay,
Charming Seducer! ſtrive not to betray
One *peaceful Minute* of my *Reſt* away;
No *Folly* quote, to make a *fair Excuſe*,
The *Wiſeſt* may be pleas'd with the *Abuſe*;
For I have heard, when *Reaſon* was *perplext*,
Her *Soveraign* ſent her to peruſe a *Text*
Charg'd upon *Life* and *Death*, this plain Direction,
To mortifie inordinate Affection:
If then, thou great *Inchanter*, with thy *Wiles*,
Deluding Pleaſures and *bewitching Smiles*,
Haſt one, or more, or many *Souls*, enſnar'd,
Forgetting this *great Duty* to regard,
So ſuffer'd thee to *tye* the *enthralling Chains*,
Which brought and fixt *intollerable Pains*,
And now if they the *Indies* did poſſeſs,
Twice doubled o're would give it for releaſe;
My chief Aſſiſtance, *in their* ſad Deſpair,
Shall be this Short *but* Charitable Prayer,
That in the Torments *of this* Fatal Fire,
When combating *with* over-ſtrong Deſire,

They

They do from every Worldly Succour *fly,*
And upon Heavenly Grace *alone rely,*
No other Refuge *seek, or* Means *approve,*
To expel the Fury *of* Resistless LOVE.

On the sudden Return of Fair Weather, *after much* Wind, Cloudiness *and* Rain.

SOL *Banisht,* or *Withdrawn,* the mournful *Sky*
Is hardly seen without a weeping Eye;
And from her *melancholly Face* she pours,
On the dejected *Earth,* her *Tears* by *Showrs;*
And dismal *Sighs* in *Storms* of *Winds* did *break,*
Screecht thro' the *Globe,* and made the *Houses shake;*
The *Ground* seem'd *chill'd* with *Sadness* in a State
Of *Grief,* that did its Nature *macerate:*
From Day to Day no sign of *change,* but *worse,*
Look'd rather *fetl'd* in a *hopeless Course:*
Yet in the *little space* of *one short Night,*
The *Tide* is turn'd, and all things *alter'd quite;*
The *Sky* so *clouded* is *serenely clear,*
The SUN in his full *Lustre* does appear,

And

And as *he* downward caſt his *Rays*, the while
The *new-heal'd Earth* ſent up a *joyful Smile*:
I ſaw *it* as I walkt, and could not chuſe,
But at the *ſudden Alteration muſe*,
And think within my ſelf, Thou, *LORD*, who now
Haſt, in a trice, diſpell'd from *Nature's Brow*,
A *Cloud* of *Sorrow*; haſt the ſame *Power* ſtill
To *help* all *Grievances*, when 'tis thy *Will*:
Oft have I almoſt *ſtagger'd* in my *Care*,
But Thou art *Mercy*, *LORD*, what ſhould I *fear*.

On THANKSGIVING.

IN the *Abyſs* of *Sorrow*, dark and deep,
Where heavy Mortals *drouze* but cannot *ſleep*,
Rackt with an *agonizing Grief*, I lay,
My *Heart* all *Pulſe*, my *Fleſh diſtemper'd Clay*;
My ſelf no more *my ſelf*, my *Thoughts* all were,
Through *Terrors great*, near *Borderers* on *deſpair*,
None but *black Minutes* did on me attend,
No *Breath* I fetcht, but did in *Sighs* aſcend;
And while my *Time* thus diſmally did waſt,
Methoughts all *Hopes* of *better Things* was paſt:
So run the *Night* of *Trouble*, but the *Morrow*
Succeeds with *Joy*, that *equall'd* all my *Sorrow*;

Out

Out of the *Pit* of this *Affliction*, I
Am carried to a *Spacious Liberty*;
Comfort, like Walls, my Residence furround;
Comfort, the *Voice* and *Eccho* all resound:
My *Prayers*, which just before in *begging mourn'd*,
To *Joyful Praises*, for the *Grant*, is *turn'd*:
What shall I *render*, how shall I extol
The *uplifting* of my *Heart*, *recovery* of my *Fall*;
Shall it suffice to *Celebrate one Day*?
Not the whole *Seven* the *Acknowledgment* can pay?
A larger *Stock* of *Gratitude* I crave,
That on my *Heart* this *MERCY* Heaven *engrave*;
Beyond the *Race* of *Time*, and *Fortune's Lot*,
With *glad Remembrance* ne're to be *forgot*.

Observation on the Life of Epictetus.

POor *Epictetus*, born the Slave of *Fate*,
Unparalell'd for abject mean Estate,
Rapt in a Cloud of unkind *Fortune's* Jars,
And *Destiny* that seem'd to have no *Stars*;
Dark as the *Eye* of *Chance*, which some call *blind*,
Obscure from *Light* in all things but his *Mind*,
Which was enricht with *Faculties* could reach
The rarest things *Philosophy* did teach;

Yet by *Laborious Burthens* bath'd in *Sweats*,
He every Day muſt *Earn* the *Bread* he *eats*;
But he the *Envy* of his *Fate* beguiles,
And for her *rigorous Frowns* gives *pleaſing Smiles*,
Contentment plain'd and ſmooth'd, each ſtep was *rough*
And in his *Wants* ſtill made him rich enough,
Set him above the *Top* of *Fame's Renown*,
And higher than the *Envy* of a *Crown*,
More happy than the *Miſer*, whoſe *proud Share*
Of *Wealth* is equall'd with a *Load* of *Care*:
Thus liv'd he *free*, *brisk*, *ſatisfi'd* and *gay*,
As if, for *Earth*, he ſcorn'd to throw away
A ſingle *Wiſh*; and, as he ſtudied, ſaid,
My Thoughts, juſt now my preſent State have laid
In view, and, as I look, this I behold,
In my Condition I am Poor *and* Old,
And Happy *therefore, knowing* 'tis *the beſt*,
Becauſe the GODS *have choſe* it *from the reſt*,
To give it *me*; *their* Wiſdom *cannot err*,
And I the Gift *before all things preferr.*
O wondrous *Vertue* in a *Heathen* Man!
With what *Impatience*, with what *Face* then can
A *Chriſtian murmur*, *ſorrow* or *repine*,
That reads this vaſt *Humility* of thine?
But who, alas! retains a *peaceful Thought*,
More than by *Heaven's Diviner Hand* is wrought?

Heaven

Heaven is the *Giver* and *Preſerver* too
Of every *ſpark* of *good* we *think* or *do*.

Obſervation on the Life of Joab.

WIth *ghaſtly Grief* this *Man* of *War* I ſee,
His *Noble Deeds* and *Sad Cataſtrophe*;
Who can at firſt but fall into *Confuſion*,
To trace his *Life* and ſee the ſtrange *Concluſion*?
Permit then, with Compaſſion, I may Write,
While I his *Actions* and his *Fate* Recite,
Few ever with more *Loyalty* ador'd
The Int'reſt of a *Lov'd* and *Soveraign Lord*,
And, as an *Omen* of *Heroick Glory*,
We find it mention'd in the *Sacred Story*,
Heaven and his *King* did truſt in him repoſe,
For of great *Iſrael* he was General choſe,
And he a Reverence too to *both* did pay,
In the *auſpicious* and *victorious Day*,
When *Syria*'s Hoſt before him fled away.
Theſe *Cares* and *Dangers* and the *Victory* ſtill,
Seem ſmall to pleaſe his *Royal Maſter*'s Will,
For when in *Sin* he ask'd him to combine,
With too fond readineſs he ſtrait did joyn,
And poor *Uriah* falls by the Deſign;

To *Rabbah Ammon's* Royal City then
He leads the Bands of his *undaunted Men*,
Where soon the *Potent Foes* in Strength decline,
Their *weakned Army's* ready to resign
Their *Post*, their *Arms*, *Themselves* and *Magazine*:
He to his *Lord* in haste the *News* expresst:
See, *Rabbah* yields! Come thou and do the rest.
The *City of Springs* I have already tane,
Take thou the *Royal City*, that thy *Fame*
May make it call'd by *thine* and not my *Name*.
Then, to compleat the *Pleasure* of his *Soul*,
He did by *Wile* the *Rule of State* controul,
To fetch his Darling *Absolom* from Exile,
For whom the Indulgent Father *pin'd* the while;
And when this *Charming Youth* with flattery stole
The Hearts of *Israel*, *Joab's* constant Soul
Defies the *Treason*, as a thing abhorr'd,
And never left the *Service* of his *LORD*,
Till even, against his own expres *Commands*,
He *David's* Shield and *Israel's* Champion stands,
Piercing that *Heart* where *Rebel-thoughts* arose,
Against his *Soveraign's Life* and *safe Repose*.
When this was ended, *Sheba's* Plot begins,
And thrives as fast as all new growing Sins;
Here *Amasa* is sent, to number all
That would declare to answer *David's* call;

But

But ſlack in his *return*, the *King*'s no leſs
Than put in fear of *Sheba*'s great Succeſs:
At which, enrag'd with Choler, *Joab* ſlew
Good *Amaſa*; then, like a *Lion*, flew
With his *Couragious Troops* for Warriours Fates,
To *Abel* of *Beth-Maacah* City-gates,
There, with a *brave Revenge*, his Forces ſpread,
Till o're the *Walls* they throw the *Traitor's Head*.
Now *David*, with a ſecret Pride, inſpir'd,
The Number of all *Iſrael* deſir'd,
From *Dan* to *Beerſheba*, o're *Jordan*'s Ford,
To ſee of what *vaſt People* he was *Lord*;
And, that the *Accompt* might be exactly made,
On *Joab* his Commands he ſtraitway laid.
Joab, not pleas'd, in Modeſty replies,
May He *that bleſſes all*, *bleſs my Lord's Eyes*,
To ſee that People, *whoſe great Sums untold*,
Tho' we're ſo numerous, *now* increaſe a hundred-fold.
But why, my Lord, the moſt religious King,
Delight his Sacred Self in ſuch a thing?
Good, was the anſwer; but to no effect,
David's the *ſame*, and *Joab*'s great reſpect
To him, o'recomes his own Reluctancies,
His *King* he *ſerves*, whate're *neglected* lies,
Tho' *Fame* and *Conſcience* both he ſacrifice.

Who

Who cou'd have thought a *Man* of this *Renown*,
So *true* and *long* a *Servant* to the *Crown*,
Should from the *beſt of Maſters*, when he came to die,
Receive a *fatal unkind Legacy*;
And that his *Prince*, with his *expiring Breath*,
Should give his *Silver Hairs* a *Crimſon Death*,
Which, when the *Royal Head* in Duſt was laid,
Was quickly by his *Heir* with *Rigour* paid?
Heaven's *Juſtice* order'd *this*, and we may ſee
There's no *eſcape* from its *Divine Decree*;
Nothing ſecure, but what is purely done
With upright *Thought* before that *Holy One*,
Who does the *ſecret* of the *Heart* regard,
And, as we think, gives openly reward.
O *Joab*, hadſt thou *fought* thy *GOD* in all,
No *Human Power* could have made thee *fall*;
Better hadſt thou at *King* and *Kingdom ſpurn'd*,
And to thy *GOD* for *Counſel* always *turn'd*,
Then *ſafe* and *blameleſs* had thy *Actions* been,
Without the *Stain* or *Puniſhment* of *Sin*:
From *thy Example* may I never truſt
In thoſe *Illuſtrious Names*, *Great*, *Good*, and *Juſt*;
A *Princely Patron* or a *Noble Friend*,
Their *Smiles* no *true Security* can lend:

Give

Give me *Integrity* to *GOD* no leſs
Than the *Almighty's Smiles* can truly bleſs,
'Tis he alone that muſt *defend* me ſtill,
Man may be a *Friend* 'tis true, *GOD* I am ſure will.

Obſervation on the Life of Elijah, *Prophet of the Lord.*

CAn *pregnant Honour*, from her *ſwelling Store*,
Of none but *glorious Gifts* diſtribute more
Than this *high Title?* Or can *Earth* afford
Ought greater than a *Prophet of the Lord*,
To whom the *general World* Reſpect ſhould bear,
And whom *crown'd Heads* do *Honour*, *Love* and *Fear?*
In this *great Dignity*, *Elijah* he
Was of the *Higheſt Rank*, *Nobleſt Degree*,
For *Heavenly Graces* don't all equal ſhine,
And there are *Claſſis* even of *Beams Divine*;
For an *Immortal Mark* of *Honour* more
This Man the *Type* of *bleſt Meſſiah* bore:
But ſee, for all theſe *Wonders*, how he liv'd,
Tortur'd, *afflicted*, *hated*, *poor* and *griev'd*,
And he whom *Miracles* as Means did wait,
I find ne'r *compaſs'd* Competent Eſtate;

Tho'

Tho' born a *Jew*, whose common *Blessing* was,
In *prosperous Ways*, each Nation to surpass,
And then thought *Crown'd* with all the *Bliss of Life*,
[a *beauteous Wife*,
When to their *Store* they had *numerous Children* and
But *Celebacy* seems his State to be,
And never any *Wife* or *Child* had he.
If these are *Joys* that bless the *bravest Hearts*,
And only suitable to *great Deserts*,
Did Heaven to others *all these things* divide,
While he, *blest Prophet*, was of *all* deny'd;
Throughout his *Life* there's nothing *does* appear,
But *Sorrow*, *Solitude*, *Hardships*, and *Fear*.
The first I read of his *exerted Power*,
Was in that *lamentable dreadful Hour*,
When he *denounc'd* the near *approaching Birth*
Of *Famine* on the *unrepleniish'd Earth*,
When in *three sultry Years* not one *kind Shower*,
To her *parch'd Heat* a *Balmy Drop* should pour;
This he *denounc'd*, and very well he knew
The *Oracle of Fate* would prove too true,
Yet, for himself, no *horded Stock* he laid,
No *Granary* and no *Provision* made:
I do not hear but that the *Earth*, of *Rain*,
Enjoy'd as much as he had *Land* or *Grain*,

And no *prudential Store* of Food was made,
To keep his Life as the *Egyptians* had;
Tho', 'tis not doubted, *Ahab* and the reſt
Of the rich *Iſraelites* in Form poſſeſt
A viſible *Supply*, that might ſuſtain
Till *Plenty* came with the return of *Rain*.
Mean time a *Voice* from *Heaven* warns him from thence,
To ſee the *Miracle* of *Providence*,
Bidding him *hide* himſelf towards the *Eaſt*,
At *Cherith's* Brook apply himſelf a *Gueſt*,
Where *Ravens*, by Omnipotent Command,
Should be his *Feeders* from the Almighty's Hand:
'Twas ſo, and thus the *Miracle* enjoy'd,
Life was preſerv'd, and *Hunger* was *deſtroy'd*:
But now a *dreadful Scene* before his Eyes,
This Life-preſerving *River-water* dries;
No *Miracle* is ſent to ſtop the Courſe
Of Nature's *drought*, or ſtay its *rapid force*:
What Proof and Tryal of his *Faith* was here,
To have the *River fail*, and he not *fear*? [cry'd,
How would a faithleſs murmurring Wretch have
The Means is periſh'd which my Wants ſupply'd!
Was I ſent forth a Wanderer thus accurſt,
To die in Fires *by an inflaming* Thirſt?

Not such a *Fear* or once *regretting Word*,
His Heart did show or milder Lips afford,
But waits the *Time* of his remembring Lord,
Who had prepar'd the Widow's *Meal* and *Cruse*,
To serve the rest of all the three Years use,
And in it did a *Miracle* produce.

This being *o're*, the *Sacred Man* is sent
To see that King who none but *Punishment*
Did study, and resolve for such a *Guest*
Too heavenly and divine on Earth to rest:
But the erronious King's malicious Power
Had *Limits* set, till *Heavens* appointed *Hour*.

And now *Elijah* bravely does alarm
Baal's Priests and Priests o'th Grove, who flocking
With all the poor deluded People, who [swarm
Their own *true God* scarce ever sought or knew;
Elijah, reasoning with them, made demand,
Why they, 'twixt *two Opinions*, halting stand?
And bids them *follow* God, *if 'twere the Lord*,
Or if 'twere, Baal: They answer'd not a word.
Then said he to them, *I, even I alone*
Remain a Prophet *of the Lord's, besides me there is none*,
But Baals *in number more abound, the Account*
Does to a Host of near five Hundrd *mount*;

Let

Let them therefore two Bullocks *give, and chuſe*
One *for themſelves, the* other *I will uſe*;
Both *being cut in pieces, both we'll lay*
On Wood, but put no Fires, only pray,
They to their Gods, *I to the* Lord, *and ſee*
Who anſwers firſt by Fire, *the God ſhall be.*
This done, the Prieſts of *Baal* all loudly cry'd,
And *cut* and *wound* themſelves, and *prophecy'd*
Till *Evening*, but no *Voice* or *Sign* reply'd.
Then did *Elijah* to the People call,
Who wait him with expecting wonder all;
He ſtrait repairs *GOD*'s *Altar*, broke before,
And took *twelve Stones*, and made one Altar more;
And round that *Altar* made a *Trench* as great
As would contain two Meaſures full of Wheat;
He puts the *Wood* in *order*, then diſſects
The *Bullock* of his *Limbs*, a Pile erects;
The *Fleſh*, thus ready laid for *Sacrifice*,
Four Water-barrels he commanded thrice
Be fill'd, and thrice pour'd forth, and all the while
The trickling *Altar* and the floating *Pile*
With theſe repeated *Currents* drench'd and drown'd;
The Trench ſo fill'd, ſtood as 'twere moated round;
Then to his *GOD* with moving *Ardor* calls,
When lo the wondrous *Heavenly Fire* ſtrait falls,

Consuming not the *Sacrifice* alone,
But the *Wood*, the very *Dust* and *Stone*,
So hot the *Flames*, that even the *Waters* burn
The very *Trench* it self.
No more a *Watry* now an *Ashy Urn*,
At which, amaz'd, the People *prostrate* fall,
And, with a *Face* confus'd, they loudly call,
To tell who was the *Living God* alone;
The LORD is *GOD*, *the LORD* is *GOD they own!*
Then did *Elijah* charge them not to spare
One of *Baal*'s Prophets, but secure, with care,
The total Number, which he wholly took,
And brought them safely down to *Kishon* Brook,
And with a *Zeal* religious and severe,
Spared not only *Cheat*, but slew them there.
And then he sent his Servant to the King,
Who of the *showring Heavens* did the blest Tydings bring,
Bidding him, *Eat and Drink and post away.*
Which Message *Ahab* heard and did obey.
Who now could think there could a *danger* be
O're all the Earth to make this *Prophet* flee?
Yet so it was, though King and People too,
Their Eyes so late *convinc'd*, they trembling view,
His *wondrous Might*, *Deeds* more than *Man* cou'd do.
Idolatrous *Jezebel* his *Doom* has given.
Behold, that Royal painted *Foe* of Heaven

Has

Has vow'd, that the next Morning-Sun shall see
The *Sacrificer*, now the *Offering* be;
Swears, to revenge her darling *Favourites* Blood,
His own shall mix with their dear Crimson Flood.
Her *Cruelty* he soon believes and shuns,
And, for his *Life*, on this occasion runs
To *Beersheba* belong'd to *Judah*, where
He left the Man that was his Servant there,
And all alone into the *Desart* went
A whole Day's Journey in his *Discontent*;
Under a Tree of *Juniper* he sate
Considering of his dismal mortal *Fate*,
And now requested for himself *to die*,
Perhaps not thinking his bleſt *Change* so nigh;
So, while in *Prayer* and musing *Thoughts* he keeps,
Under this *Tree* resign'd, he lies and sleeps,
Mean time an unseen *Angel* brings him *Meat*,
Gives him a *touch*, and bids him *rise and eat*.
He rose, and eat and drank, and down he lay,
To sleep again his Weariness away,
His sweet *Disturber* comes once more, his Guest
Invites a second time t' his *Heavenly Feast*,
Viands so rich, tho' short was the Repast,
(No *Table* spread with *Pomp*, but laid in haſt)
That by two Meals, so cherish Nature reign'd,
As *forty days* and *nights* of *Health* & *Life* maintain'd.

Thus

Thus to the Mount of *GOD*, *Horeb* by Name,
He in the *ſtrength* of this *twice eating* came,
And there he took his *Lodging* in a *Cave*,
The *Emblem* of his ſo much courted *Grave*.
Then comes the *Interrogative* of *GOD*,
And asks him, *Why it was he there abode?*
He tells his Zeal, does *Iſrael*'s Sin declare, [ſpare.
They had all *GOD*'s Prophets ſlain, nor him would
Now is he bid to aſcend that *Mount*, a Place
Which great *Jehovah*'s preſence deign'd to grace,
Where all deſcending from his Throne more high,
As the *Omnipotent*, paſs'd radiant by, [did quake,
The *Mountains* rent with *Wind*, the frighted *Earth*
The *Adamantine Rocks* in ſhatter'd pieces ſhake;
Then blaz'd a *ſtream* of *Fire*, the Harbinger
Of the great *GOD*, for yet *GOD* was not there.
Now ſpoke a *ſtill ſmall Voice*, bids him appoint
Two Royal Succeſſors, and *both* anoint;
To theſe a *third* and *greater Succeſſor*,
Heir to his *own Divine Prophetick Power*,
A *Tongue* whom *Oracles* ſhould all *inſpire*,
Touch'd with a *Coal* from his own *Heavenly Fire*.
Now thou, dear *Prophet*, whoſe reſigning Breath
Had ask'd before no Boon of *GOD* but Death,

Time

Time haſtens that thy *Toils* muſt be releaſt,
Thy *Sufferings* ended, and *thy ſoul* at reſt
Within the Regions of the Ever-bleſt:
How ſupernatural was thy Deſire,
Crown'd with a *Chariot* of *Triumphant Fire*,
Which flew more ſwift than ever *Motion* run:
And carried thee above the *Stars* and *Sun*:
Thus fledſt thou up to thy *immenſe Reward*,
And nothing could thy *heavenly Flight* retard.
O, unexampled Man! who *Earth* reſign'd;
Earth and its Vanities all left behind;
Felt'ſt not the *Pangs* of an *expiring Breath*,
The *Courſe* of *Sickneſs*, or the *Stroke* of *Death*.
Sure then our Father *Abraham* thou waſt greater,
For he, like others, felt *weak Nature*'s Debter,
Kept in a *Grave*, turn'd to *Original Duſt*,
Confin'd there, till the *riſing* of the *Juſt*.
If then a Saint, incomparable rare,
One of the greateſt *Prophets* ever were,
Led all his *Life* but *ſorrowful* and *poor*,
I muſt conclude, in *Poverty*, there's more
Deſign'd by *Heaven*, for *Guidance* or *Defence*,
Than ever was found out by Human Sence;
'Tis a *myſterious Thing*, that *Want* ſhould be
The *leading Path* that joyns *Felicity*,

And those who *least* are *trusted* and *approv'd*,
To enjoy *Estates* are most by *Heaven below'd*;
Strange is the *Method*, but I cannot fear,
There is a *Secret* in't, *divine* and *clear*,
To *Heaven's eye* alone and never yet to *Mortals* did
'Cause this *blest Man* did undergo that *State*,
That seem'd his very *Choice* as well as *Fate*;
Fate he could change; we see his *Prayers* alone
That *Wonder* had perform'd, and had he known
Poverty a Curse, sure he had chang'd his own:
Besides, as he foresaw the *prickly Thorn*,
A *Wreath* should even the *Brow* of *GOD* adorn,
Poor, *Humble*, *Low*, in *Shilo's* blest Record,
Reserv'd the *Titles* of the *World's great LORD*.
The *Path* of *Poverty* well hast thou trod,
Blest *Prophet*, to be follow'd by thy *GOD*.

On the worthily honour'd Madam Mary Fountayn.

WEep, weep, ye Clouds, distill into her *Urn*
Such *Tears* to quench a *Flame* unapt to burn.
The *Urn* it self shall *weep* perpetual Store,
Because this *noblest Friend* of mine's no more:

Let

Let *Nymphs* attend the *Glory* of the *Plains*,
Whoſe charming *Brightneſs* is ador'd by *Swains*,
With *Sable Veſtments*, cloath'd in mournful ſtate,
To ſolemnize her *Funeral Rites*, tho' late;
While I, dejected, ſtrive for to reherſe
Unſpotted Vertues in *Eternal Verſe*,
In tuneful *Lays*, tho' diſmal are the *Strains*,
Which *chills* the *circling Blood*, runs thro' my *Veins*;
Witneſs, ye Heavenly Powers, the *Favours* ſhe
Daily bequeath'd *my Parents* and to *me*;
Who *lov'd* my *tender Mother* to the end,
And ſhow'd herſelf a *thouſand Ways* her *Friend*,
In *all Extremities* ſtood her *Defence*,
Under the *goodneſs* of *Omnipotence*.
If *Wiſdom*, *Love*, or *Honour*, could defeat
The *Stroke* of *Death*, this *Star* had never ſet,
But ſtill been *ſhining* in her *ſplendid Sphere*
And *influential Beams* around her *Cheer*.
Ye *Fountains*, now your *gliding Currents* ceaſe,
And *fertile Nile*, forbear your *vaſt Increaſe*,
Since I'm depriv'd, by *fatal Siſters three*,
Of this *great Bleſſing*, O! ſo dear to me.
You'l ſay, no *Diſcompoſure* ought *profane*,
Much leſs *deſpair* my well-fix'd *Morals* ſtain:
But *he*, who Precepts *gave* as well as *kept*,
Could not *forbear* his *deareſt Friend*, but *wept*.

Oft have I wish'd from *Business* to retire,
To contemplate the *griefs* of my Desire;
There, in some *secret Grove*, where none might see,
I might for ever *mourn* her *Obsequy*,
In *Sorrow's Rills* condole, with *pitious Moan*,
To grateful *Eccho's*, which resound each *Groan*;
And harmless Flocks their *Lamentations* ring,
While the poor *Birds* with *doleful warbling* sing.
Let then this sad uncomfortable *Verse*,
Embalm her *Memory* and *bedew* her *Herse*.
" *Unmix'd*, preserve these *Relicks*; *faithful* prove,
" O *Marble Urn!* and *constant* as her *Love*.
'Tis *Love*, that all do *court*, but few can *find*,
Springing from *Actions* rooted in the *Mind*:
Sweet, *Rich*, and *Strong*, she to the *Centre* drew,
As *Honey*, *Jewels*, and as *Marrow* do;
None, by the *Storms of Life*, was e're oppress't,
But still might find a *Haven* in her *Breast*.
Why do such *Blessings* end in *sharpest Pain*,
By being *given* to *take back* again?
Stay, run no farther, my *impetuous Soul*,
This *Answer* does your *flowing Grief* controul;
Compute the *Sum* of your *unwise Complaint*,
'Tis *pious*, she *liv'd* and *dy'd* too soon a *Saint*:
Consider, there's not only a *Regard*
Due to your *Interest*, but to her *Reward*;

You

You ought your *Loſs* with *Patience* to ſuſtain,
Since what's your *Loſs* is her *immortal Gain*:
Can you repine, ſince ſhe in *Beams of Light*
Soars in the *Heavenly Regions* pure and white,
Her *Deeds reſplendant* in a *Crown* more *bright*,
With a *Victorious Palm* and *Radiant Seat*,
Reigns there among *MARIA'S Good* and *Great*,
Whilſt you'r *depending* on your *Future State*,
Her *lovely Vertues* ſtrive to *imitate*.

On my dear Friend Mr. Robert Harding.

HOw have I *wiſht* and *begg'd* no *Pen* might ſend
A *ſad reviving Thought* of this my Friend,
Nor mention make, now he is *gone*, but I
Might let my *Grief* in *huſh'd oblivion* lye:
In vain I urge ſuch *Means*, to find *retreat*
From *Mourning Thoughts*, my *Sorrows* to *defeat*,
The *loſs* of ſuch *vaſt Worth*, ſo *true* a *Friend*,
In all *diſſolv'd Mortality* muſt end;
And, if my *Verſe* may live to *blaze* his *Praiſe*,
Which, like the *Sun*, darts with *refulgent Rays*,

His *Merit* muſt, in *Characters ſublime*,
Outlaſt the envious mouldring *Fate* of *Time*:
In *Friendſhip's Orb* no brighter *Star* appear'd,
Since by his *good* all was reviv'd and chear'd,
And, in his *Nuptial Rites*, example may
Proclaim his *Life* to be one *Halcion-day*;
Deteſted *Paths* of *Vice* he nobly ſcorn'd,
Whilſt *vertuous Precepts* in his *Breaſt* he form'd;
While *Vice* he *ſcorn'd*, *Fidelity* he *lov'd*,
'Twas *Honour* guided him and *Pity* mov'd;
Whatever *Object* was there in *diſtreſs*,
Compaſſion could and did not ſoon *reverſe*?
To *adverſe Fate*, *diſtant* and *near*, it flew,
And *Priſoners*, in *pale Want*, his *Kindneſs* knew.
Lofty indeed his *Temper* was to *ſoar*,
But never *turn'd* his *Back* upon the *Poor*;
Whoſe *pious Acts* aſpiring to *rehearſe*,
I loſe his *GLORY* in *ſubmiſſive Verſe*;
Could *Prayers* avail for him, which cannot be,
What *ſtore* is due and ſhould be made by me?
Yet e're I end, let me call o're the *Fate*
Did his *great Kindneſs* firſt to me create.

Pardon, if I digreſs, to ſing the *Fame*
Of his *bright ſpotleſs Virgin-Daughter's Name*,

Whom

Whom *Grace*, like the *Sun-shines*, did *adorn*,
When *beauteous Rays* guild first the *bashful Morn*;
In whose *lovely Youth* was the same *Sweetness* shewn,
As *Flowers* in *Spring*, or *Roses* newly *blown*,
ALICIA bright, that cast her *pleasing Eye*,
To my *indifferent State* of *Poverty*,
The *charming dear One* yet could *love* so true,
Scarce for a *Minute* I her *Absence* knew,
Each place *abroad*, at *home*, where e're I be,
She, *Angel-like*, goes, *meets* or *follows* me.
Perpetual Kindness LOVE immensly breeds,
LOVE, that all *flight* in *Poetry* exceeds,
Where *flowing Kindness*, tided to excess,
And mine proportion'd *more* than hers, now *less*.
Had *Fate* propos'd a *Choice*, one I must have,
This fair one's Death, or my *own sudden Grave*?
The *last* I should have thought the *mildest Doom*,
To *Engrave* her *Friendship* on my *finite Tomb*.

But cease, my *Muse*, cease, lest I now despair,
To think how I *lost her*, that was so *dear*;
Marriage, which fixes *Lovers* in *one State*,
Divides us *two* to Places *separate*;
The *Daughter's* loss, the *Father* would repair,
By a *High Friendship* and *Paternal Care*,

Whose

Whose *worthy Soul* with *Vertue* quite is fled,
[wholly dead.
And, in his *Sex*, (for ought I know) *true Kindness*
Sighs may *condole*: But hold, some *Cherub* sure,
Allays my *Grief* with this *blest balmy* Cure;
Think and *consider* well, *observe* the *End*,
Who was it *gave* and *took away* your *Friend*,
He that *gives* all things *good*, and can *restore*
What-e're you *want*; cease, Mortal, to *deplore*,
Use pious *Job*'s *Expression*, and no *more*.

An EPITAPH *on the Pious Madam* Mary Carter.

BRight *Soul*, whose *Sacred Relicks* I must *mourn*,
Till from my *Toils* I *sleep* in *peaceful Urn*;
Then *follow thee*, to make one *Witness* more,
Of all thy *righteous Deeds* heap'd up in store.
Thy *Pious Days* Heaven does already know,
By *Prayers*, that *minutely* did from thee *flow*,
Such was thy *Converse*, so *Divine* below.
Thine *Alms*, *Christ*'s *needy Members* every-where,
Refresh'd with *Love* and *Bounty*, will declare.
O! with what *dazling Glories* art thou *crown'd*!
What *Songs* in *Heaven* did at thy *Entrance sound*.

A SATYR.

AS *Dungeons* are for *Criminals* prepar'd,
Tyburn and *Gyves* too is their juſt Reward;
So *Satyr's Laſh* dipt, poiſon'd in *Diſgrace*,
Is fit to Scourge the *Vice* of *Human Race*.
Did not the *Lamb of God*, with *Sacred Terror*,
Reprove all *Phariſaic Sins* and *Error*?
Where's then my *Muſe*? Does my *Poetick Vein*?
Want *Skill* or *Courage* for this uſeful Strain?
Baptiſmal Vows engage *Heroick Minds*,
Women are *valiant*, tho' of *different Kinds*;
And tho' my *Sex* is weak, my *Heart's* not ſo:
Lead on my *Chief*, I fear not where I go.
Inſtruct me *LORD*, I wait for *thy Command*,
Without *it* I dare ſtir not Foot or Hand.
I begg'd again, and then my *LORD* reply'd,
My Precepts *and* Example *be your* Guide;
Go follow them. Strait then I call'd to mind
His *Golden Rule*, propitious left behind:
Firſt *caſt away* the *Beam* that hides the *Light*
Of thine own *Eye*, deluded Hypocrite;
Which, once *remov'd*, thou *better* may'ſt *diſcern*
The *little Mote* thy *Brother* does *concern*,

And

And with more reaſon ask to pull it out,
When thy *clear Light* diſpels his *darker Doubt*:
But if *black Vice* thy *Life* it ſelf betray,
And thou pretend'ſt to *Guide* the *perfect Way*,
'Tis like a *blind Man* raving in a *Heat*,
Inſpir'd by ſome *ridiculous Conceit*,
He's able to lead all that go aſtray;
His *Tongue* crys out, his *Feet* quite miſs the way;
Sometimes his *Steps* are *right*, but rarely ſo,
Still with *invective* Bawls, *You falſly go.*
Should this his *Conduct* be by *Prudence* try'd,
Would he be thought a *Madman* or a *Guide?*
Our *Saviour*, e're ſuch Work he did begin,
Ask'd, *Which of you convinces me of Sin?*
And muſt his *ſpotleſs Life* a Pattern be
Imitable for ſuch a *Worm* as me?
The great *Example* I can never reach,
Alas! I want time more to *Watch* than *Preach.*
My *Self* is *Task* ſufficient to look o're,
I find no *Moment* where I need *explore*
The *Faults* of *others*, but my *own deplore.*
And now I *beg*, ſince my *Deſign* has miſt,
Make me true Chriſtian, *tho' no* Satyriſt.

Of the HEART.

WHat tho' the *Soul* myſterious is to *Art*,
And *all* in *all* and *all* in *every part*,
Yet we conceive the *Heart*, by *Nerves* and *Veins*,
Does vivifie the *Body* and the *Brains*;
For as the *Senſes* from the *Spirits* move,
Inſpiring *Rays* with *Simpathetick Love*,
So *GOD's Eſſential Goodneſs* moſt requires
By *Conſecrating Gifts* to *Mens Deſires*;
Say but from *thee* the *ſmalleſt Preſent* came,
It kindles all *Acceptance* in a *Flame*; [its eaſe,
Hence, hence, the *Pulſe* that gives *Life's Lamp*
Hence all the *endearing Ties* that *Lovers* pleaſe:
So rare a *Jewel* ſure has no *deceit*,
Nothing that's vain, but *Vertue* all *compleat*,
My *Thoughts* ſincerely bleſt, in my eſteem,
All *pure*, *divine*, *immaculate*, did ſeem,
Whilſt my *conſenting Heart* in rapture vow'd,
Henceforth no *Sin* ſhall be by me *allow'd*,
But that my *Conſcience* ſhould in *Empire reign*,
Never to be *oppos'd* by *Vice* again.
And as my *weary Knees* the *Centre* preſs'd,
It ſeem'd *convulſive* in my *trembling Breaſt*,

Darting full *Torrents* through mine Eyes in *Tears*,
And *ſhivering gaſp'd*, almoſt *expir'd* in *fears*,
Implor'd the *LORD* in this *diſtreſs* of *need*,
T' aſſiſt a *Heart*, that for *Offence* does *bleed*;
Kind *Heaven* aſſents, and, with propitious *Grant*,
Aſſur'd the *Comfort* that my *Heart* did want,
And, from the depth of *Sin*, drew it as high
As the *bleſs'd Region* of *Immortal Joy*:
From this *Divine Aſcent*, tranſported, cry'd,
Vain is that Fool that does in Sin *abide*.
My *Lips* o'rejoy'd, at the *Converſion*, ſung,
As *David* when his *tuneful Harp* he ſtrung,
And, to my *pleaſing Thoughts*, theſe *Words* I mix'd,
My Heart *to* Sacred Joys *is ever fix'd*.
Thus liv'd I in *Serenity* and *Mirth*
An *Angel's Life* almoſt upon the *Earth*.

But O! the *Blaſt* this *pious Life* deſtroys,
Hypocriſie the *bliſsful Stream* annoys;
My *Conſcience*, to whoſe *Empire* my *Heart ſwore*,
Strives to *depoſe* the *Conduct* of its *Power*,
Till with a *hideous Guilt*, by *horrid Sin*,
Agaſt, I durſt not caſt a *Look* within,
And tho' my *conſcious Heart* ſtood knowing by,
That *Acts* nor *Thoughts* from the *Omniſcient Eye*

Was hid in vain, *Deluſion* ſeem'd to think:
That the *All-juſt* ſhould at our *Frailties* wink,
And when my *Private Prayers* I do direct
With *Holy Praiſe* and moſt *Divine Reſpect*,
Yet, when *GOD*'s *Sacred Court* I come within,
I *contemplate* and *gaze*, all *dark* with *Sin*,
And, while the *Preacher* tells what I ſhould *learn*,
My *Thoughts* rove, buſie in ſome *ſtrange Concern*,
Confus'd with *odious Things*, I cannot *ſpeak*,
And which, to ſhun, *Mortality*'s too *weak*;
My *Mind* grows *wild*, my *Soul* in terror *rav'd*,
By what I *truſted* thus to be *deceiv'd*.
Then, to my *GOD*, with *weeping Eyes* I turn,
In *deep diſtreſs* I *ſupplicate* and *mourn*;
All-powerful GOD, this *Heart* from me receive,
Since, by *Deſpair*, I muſt for ever grieve.
Or, if this longer muſt with me *remain*, [*clean*,
Vouchſafe, *great GOD*, once more to make it
I know *thy Blood* can waſh out *every ſtain*.
And, whilſt I live, henceforth I'll ſet a *guard*,
Surpizing Thoughts, not *good*, ſhall be debarr'd;
A *Watch* I'll keep as long as I keep *Breath*,
To help ſecure my *Vertue* till my *Death*;
I'll ſend to all my *Friends* to do the *ſame*,
And truſt to more this *rarity* of *Fame*.

But always *Watch* and *Pray*, *Suspect* and *Fear*,
While thou dost *justify*, and make me *Clear*.

Thinking on the Life of our Blessed Saviour.

WHy did my *Lord*, whom *Heaven* could not contain,
Chuse to spend *Life* on *Earth* in *toil* & *pain*,
And not the *Ease* and *Splendour* of a *Reign*?
Why did he, like a *Man unfortunate*,
Walk *thousand weary Walks*? No *Pomp* or *State*
A *Servant* to that *World* he did *create*.
Why did he let his *spotless Name* be us'd,
With *Lips* that slandrously that *Name* abus'd?
Why did he, who was all *pure Innocence*,
Endure such *Rigours* as attone *Offence*,
Or bring the *Wicked* into *Penitence*?
Methinks an *inward Whisper* tells me why;
Tells me, my *LORD* was pleas'd to do't, that I
Might not *despise* those *Methods* he approv'd,
Nor *hate* that sort of *Life* himself has lov'd.

Reflections

Reflections upon my extraordinary Joy, at the Certain and Sudden News of Peace being concluded, Sept. 1697.

NIne Years *Bellona* brandiſh'd in *full Pride*,
Till *Chriſtian Land* with *Blood* was ruddy dy'd,
But *Kings* are *reconcil'd* and *Wars* muſt *ceaſe*,
To give *admittance* to a *glorious Peace*;
PEACE! is the *Cry*, *aſſured Peace* is come,
The *charming Wonder* ſtrikes my *Senſes* dumb;
Felicities in Loads a *Peace* repair,
And fill my *Mind* with more than I can bear;
My *Knees* fall on the *Earth*, to hear the *Sound*,
And *Tears of Joy* run rowling to the *Ground*;
The *heating Beam* does take away my *Sleep*,
Exhales that *Dew* did my *lull'd Spirits* ſteep;
Like *Philomel*, my *watchful Thoughts* employ;
Her *Thorn* keeps her leſs waking than my *Joy*.
Give me *Aſſiſtance*, ſome *kind Power*, to bear
The *Extaſies*, while this *bleſs'd News* I hear.
I did not think *all Earth* could *give* or *find*
Such *Pleaſure* to my *Pleaſure-hating Mind*;

'Tis true, the *Joy* is *rational* and *juſt*,
Fitting to be *allow'd*: But dare I truſt
My *Thoughts* to rove in ſuch a *vaſt Content*,
And *Raptures* of *unlimitted Extent*;
When *this* is not the *Peace*, my Soul muſt calm,
Nor this the fair *white Dove*, that brings my *Palm*,
The *great IRENE*, that ſecures me bleſt
In *endleſs Joys*, the *Eternity* of *Reſt*?
No, that's a *Peace* in my own *Empire-mind*,
A Place of *Reſidence* for *GOD* deſign'd,
By *Actions juſt* and *pure* of every kind:
'Tis on *this Peace* that I muſt build alone,
Tother I may *enjoy*, yet be *undone*;
This is the *Peace refplendant Beings* praiſe,
And to the *Spangl'd Roof* the *Eccho's* raiſe,
The *lofty Arches* mightily reſound,
And *Heaven's Inhabitants*, in *Raptures* drown'd,
The *joyful Chorus* charm *Eternal* round.

O! *New Jeruſalem*, for thy *Peace* I long,
Thy *Io-Peons* in *Immortal Song*,
To *Heavenly Lyres* and *Hallelujah's* tun'd,
Ayrs that *Britannia's* Peace can never ſound;
Thy *Triumphs* are *magnificent* and *rare*;
Thy *Joys* unmix'd with *Sin*, with *Fright*, or *Care*;

Brighter

Brighter than *Sun*, more *lasting* far than *Time*;
Eternal blest'd, *unparalell'd sublime*;
O! that my *Hours* to come may all be spent
In seeking *this*, above all *Earth*'s content:
O! that I could *express* what *Joy* there lies
In but a *Hope* of this *unfading* Prize;
The *Universe* comes short to equal *this*,
In *Glory* or *Duration*, *State* or *Bliss*.
Go then, my *Pilgrim-Soul*, pursue the *Way*, [*Days*;
Through *Brakes* and *Rocks*, *Black Seas* and *Stormy*
Through *wonted Conflicts* and *tremendous Griefs*;
Through *narrow Passages* and *straitned Cliffs*;
Through *Vanities* to *allure*, and *Foes* to *Fright*;
The *Snares* of *Flattery* and the *Darts* of *Spight*;
Through *Pains* and *Miseries*, *Tears*, *Toil*, *Doubts* and
All the whole *long-train'd Cavalcade* of *Life*, [*Strife*,
Through *Slanders*, *Slights*, *Wrongs*, *Wants*, the *swelling*
That does but *Tempest-toss* poor *Flesh* & *Blood*: [*Flood*,
Through *these*, all *these*, and *thousand*, *thousand* more,
Sail, *happy Voyager*, to that *blest'd Shore*, [roar;
Where no *Waves* dash, nor *Winds* nor *Tempest*
To that *Divine*, *true Halcion Nest* above,
The *Mansions* of *Beatitude* and *Love*,
That *Union* no *dividing Foes* shall sever,
But the *white Flag* of *Peace* hangs out for ever.

To my Mother *the* CHURCH.

UNfeign'd, as *Martyrs* in the Days of Yore,
Whoſe precious *Blood* their *Teſtimonials* bore,
Grant, *Holy Mother*, (high *Oblation* due)
My *humble Lays* I conſecrate to *you*,
Whoſe *Pious Care* in Infancy did bloom
With *Fruit*, ſelected from *corrupted Rome*;
Your *Hallow'd Rites* inſpir'd me firſt to ſee,
And from *Exreams* of *Peril* ſet me free,
Guiding to *bliſsful Reſt* the Milky Way,
Whoſe *Streams* of *Light* point to *Eternal Day*:
No *Superſtition* does your *Precepts* ſtain,
Nor *Zeal enthuſiaſtick* with you reign;
But *Love divine* flows with a kind *Embrace*,
Kindles *Seraphick Flames*, *enlightning Grace*,
Whilſt *Heaven*, like *Life*, which centures in the [*Heart*,
Inflames *religious Beams* through every *part*,
By Spiritual *Manna* fed, I *Wiſdom* find,
Bleſt *Miſtick Rules* invelope in my Mind;
Free-will directs my *Actions* how to ſquare,
But *Sacred Inſtinct* cautions to beware,
It bids me not this *World* and *Life* abjure,
But checks my *Paths* where *vicious Baits* allure,

Inſtructs

Inſtructs with *Hallelujahs* praiſe to ſing,
Unerring Truths of *Sion*'s gracious King,
True Dictates of Parental Heavenly Guide,
Which does enſure *Salvation* on my ſide.
Theſe and the *reſt*, more fully to reherſe,
More *Volumes* crave than *Tribute* of my *Verſe*;
But, as in Duty bound, *Devotion* ſhall
For ever *pray* for you, as *you* for all,
Whilſt *Cherubs* ſound in their *melodious Choir*,
And I ſtill *Offerings* pay on conſtant *Lyre*;
Reign, *Phœnix*-like, thy Aſhes gives *new Birth*,
Nor finite *periſh* in the *mouldring Earth*,
But as in *Sickneſs* Nature's *Power* will ſtrive,
The Patients *ſtrong* do grow and *Pains* ſurvive;
So let the *paſt Convulſions* reinſtate
Immortal Health, to foil the *Stroke* of *Fate*,
The *Triumphs* of thy *Toils* ſhall *endleſs* be,
And *ſweet* too, as the *Love* I bear to *thee*.

On the VERSES *ſome Gentlemen preſented me, which are placed at the beginning of my Book.*

VAſt is the *Joy*, when *Tranſports* do inſpire,
Which, *Lightning*-like, ſtrikes with *Poetick Fire*:
Raviſh'd! I gaze, and wonder to reherſe
Thoſe *high Encomiums* you vouchſafe my *Verſe*.
But, O what *Chill* does *Nature's Frailty* raiſe!
Truth ſtrikes a Damp in *Contemplations* maze;
I view like him that ſees the *Weapon* fly,
But can't avoid the *Dart* that makes him dye,
Such *dazling Flights* ſo *great Surprize* impart,
As does *confuſe* and *wound* my *ſinking Heart*;
A thouſand *ſtrange Reflections* ſeize my *Breaſt*,
And *trembling Fits* my *peaceful Hours* moleſt.
Diſcourſes, *grave* and *myſtick*, uſe to move,
Perplex my *Mind* with *Wiſdom* from above,
As *Nathan's Charge* to *David* did controul
That *Man of* GOD with *Anguiſh* in his *Soul*;
So you, like *faithful Monitors*, declare,
My *Time* and *Life* but tranſitory are;

Tell

Tell me of my *Translation* and of *Powers*,
Of *Finite Beings*, and of *Fleeting Hours*,
Inferr the *Grave* compleatly all devours,
Dismal and *heavy Thoughts* methinks to me.
Your *lofty Verse* proclaims *Mortality*,
As tho' it were my *Living Elegy*;
Deck'd with a *Theme of Praise* and *Mournful State*,
Like *warning Trumpets*, o're my *Death* and *Fate*,
I'm flatter'd with a *Crown* of *Sacred Bays*,
With *polish'd Sence*, expres'd in *tuneful Lays*;
Melodious Peals, which charm me to apply
Some *Tears*, to suit the *Solemn Obsequy*;
Tears that allay and quench *disorder'd Strife*,
Fitting Attendants for a *Dying-Life*,
Whil'st your *harmonious Muse* in *Vertue* sings
Sweet Strains of *Death*, which *happy Life* to me here-
[after brings.

FINIS.